

Good Morning 735

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Your letter said R.S.V.P. Hebenton Replies

A LETTER from Leading Telegraphist John Middleton, of "Spur," has set my mind at rest about the fate of a gramophone which went out from this office.

I am sorry if I seemed rather vague in my letter, but I was wondering what had happened to it. I didn't know you would be on leave when it arrived.

SORRY "Tantalus," that we weren't present at your homecoming. Anyway, I'm glad that you like the pin-ups, and I'm quite sure they will make the mess decks look the brighter.

About that question of a photograph. It will, of course, be necessary to give us as much notice as possible, but if you can let us know, say, a week in advance, I see no reason why we shouldn't do the necessary.

The other invitation will be accepted next time we are around your way. That dart-board sounds most intriguing!

IT would appear that our pin-ups are very popular, judging by the number of letters of thanks which have come into this office lately. It seems that Grable and Hayworth are still in the running for the popularity stakes.

From P.O. F. Belchambers, of "Tireless," comes thanks for a bunch of lovelies who, he says, are now adorning the mess.

I must say I was very interested in his definition of a Mess.

I certainly have done as you asked, P.O. F. B., and thanked on your behalf, all the staff here—yes, typists and all!

A FIRST-TIME letter comes from Leading Signaller Charles Cook, of "Visigoth," who tells me of his proud record of never having gone "spare crew" during his five years in the Submarine Service.

It certainly is something to be proud of, and I am quite sure that life on a submarine is slightly different from that on a depot ship.

I would like to thank you for the kind words about "Good Morning." It does make life worth while when we get letters like yours. To use your own words, as long as you can keep going so can we.

We hope to be calling at your home very shortly, and hope to get a message for you.



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is:
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London,
S.W.1.

GLAD to hear you got those badges safely, A.B. F. Constable, and I'm very sorry we weren't able to get the other one you wanted. As you suggest in your letter, it certainly wasn't for want of trying.

If we ever run across one in the future, you can rest assured we will think of you.

Our Bristol correspondent has the address of Miss Curtis on his list, and doubtless he will arrange to call on her very shortly. However, as I have explained numerous times, our lists are long, and although we are steadily working through them, the influx of fresh names is such that the lists never seem to get any shorter.

I must also explain about the shortage of paper. We only get just enough for printing purposes, and even we ourselves, are limited to one copy per person. As Miss Curtis will automatically receive a copy of the number in which her story appears, I'm afraid we will not be able to send another copy on to you. Doubtless she will save her copy for you. I'm sorry, but we don't like this rationing business either. Believe me, it's no fun for us.

FROM the coxswain of "Tor-bay" comes thanks for the pin-ups and the photo of the C.P.O.'s mess at "Forth." Your thanks for the lovelies has been passed on, but the suggestion about sending some beer out with the next batch will have to be spiked!

Those were the Days

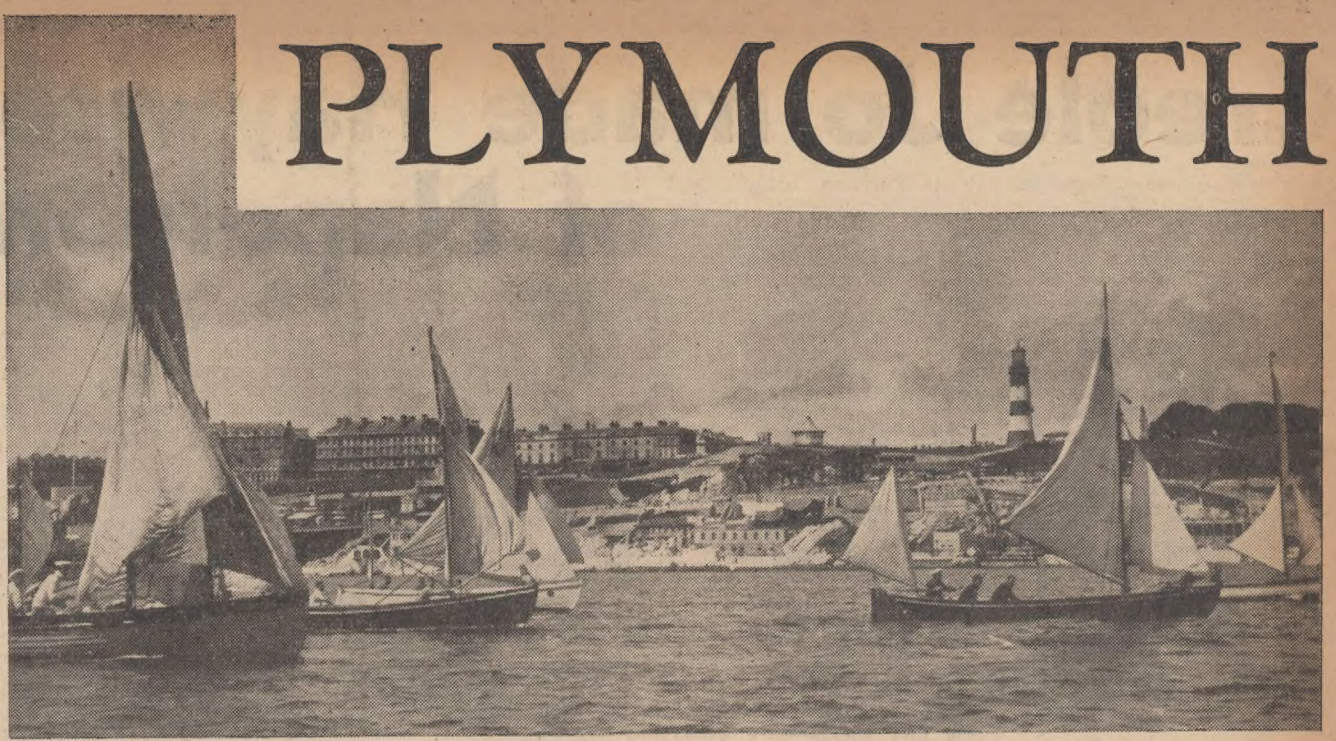
THIS quaint poster seems to indicate that some of the Parliamentary candidates in the good old days of plenty of our grandfathers got our votes by gastronomic means. See what you've missed by being born too late!

MR. MANGLES respectfully requests those of his worthy Friends, who may be disposed to celebrate his return to Parliament by their own fire sides as on the last occasion to send the inclosed Dinner Ticket, on or before Thursday the 2nd of April next, to his Agent, MR. G. S. SMALLPIECE who will in exchange for such Ticket, give the Bearer thereof an Order for

Twelve Pounds of Beef,
One Gallon of Strong Beer,
Two Quarter Loaves,
Three Pounds and a Half of Flour,
Two Pounds of Suet,
Two Pounds of Raisins,
One Pound of Currants,
and
Two Bottles of Wine (Port or Sherry).

MR. MANGLES also begs respectfully to inform those Friends who may not feel disposed to dine in public, and may not wish themselves to exchange the Dinner Ticket, that the same is transferrable to any of their Neighbours.

An Answer is respectfully requested to be sent to Mr. G. S. SMALLPIECE, on or before Thursday the 2nd of April next.



EVEN the least imaginative man gets romantic notions as he stands on the Hoe at Plymouth, writes D. N. K. BAGNALL, after a visit to the Home Town, but behind all its charm there is a deep purpose in Plymouth, for it is one of the greatest of Naval stations, known all over the globe.

COMING along the road through Yealmpton I wondered what I should find. And brooding on the question I saw little of the pleasant valley scenery.

I thought of Plymouth as I had known it through the years—its old, narrow streets crowded with cars and coaches in holiday times; a place where you could wander for a day through attractive by-ways and find many interesting things; a city where the vigour of the sea joined with the bustle of commerce and thriving industry to form an atmosphere of vitality and charm.

Most of all, I thought of the Hoe, picturing in my mind that unique, historied promenade on which I had so often stood, looking out over a seascape crammed with associations with the past, and so unaltered through the centuries that it seemed as though you almost touched the spirit of the Elizabethans.

On this occasion I hated going to Plymouth, fearing what it might look like: knowing it would be changed.

This was the first time I had visited the city since the early days of the war. I did not know what streets had been knocked down, what memorable buildings had been struck down, what things of beauty had been crushed. And I was afraid.

I have been to the city several times since then, but I shall not forget that first feeling of sorrow and anger as I came to its centre and saw all that remained of the heart of Plymouth.

I had seen it often enough in London—this kind of island of desolation—but here it seemed a greater desecration.

It was not until I was up on the Hoe, walking along that stretch of remembered cliff, spacious and wind-swept, that I was reassured and to some extent appeased.

FRONT VIEW.

For no city with that magnificent threshold could be content until it had raised a more nobler city on the relics of the old. I remembered that Plymouth had been destroyed on several occasions in its early days and had risen more glorious—though in those times it was but a small place.

It was not until Queen Elizabeth encouraged its growth as a naval port and base that Sutton, the little fishing town, set out upon a career that was to make it one of the greatest ports in the whole world and under its new name of Plymouth became more known to the new world than any other place in Britain, with the exception of London itself.

Plymouth has long ago wiped its face of the grime and healed its wounds, and that magnificent plan which is to make it an even more impressive entry into Britain

will soon be in process of achievement.

The Hoe is one of the finest pieces of sea frontage in the whole of Europe. Who can ever forget that noble view of the Sound, with Drake's Island standing in the doorway, framed by the high woods of Mount Edgecumbe.

As I stood there, drinking in the scene, a destroyer came in, slim and rakish. A motor craft skimmed across the bay, and, snatched upon by the last light of a sinking sun, they glimmered like dragon-flies on the deep colour of the sea.

It began to rain—a heavy misty rain the Devon people know so well and suffer so stoically. It was not long before I was the only person standing on the highest part of the Hoe, and with the rain and wind beating at my face I felt as if I were standing on the prow of one of those more graceful ships that sailed from Plymouth those many years ago to seek adventure and gold.

You cannot help getting these kind of thoughts in Plymouth. Even the least imaginative man gets romantic notions on that high platform of rock.

It is brought about by a combination of the spirit of high places and the known associations of history, and, of course, especially by that part of history summed up in the name Drake.

It is as impossible to escape Drake in Plymouth as it is to avoid Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. He is the patron saint of the place (though no saint, he!); he is its chief hero; and he is its best publicity agent.

It is all very well to wish you had been an onlooker at that famous game of bowls played, they say, on the Hoe—though it would puzzle anyone to find a piece of ground level enough for a bowling green.

NOT ONLY DRAKE.

But after viewing Drake's statue, Drake's Island and walking in Drake's Circus, you begin to wish for a change. You get it. Before you know where you are you are in a mass of associations with the Pilgrim Fathers, who sailed away on that autumn day in 1620 to find freedom in the new world.

That is why the people of America felt the bombing of Plymouth even more than they felt the bombing of London and other cities of Britain.

They felt it was almost like bombing American territory. As I lay in bed that night, sleeping fitfully because of Sunderland flying-boats landing and taking off, I thought how unforseeable is the future. Who would have guessed that the descendants of those 101 men who fled Britain for the sake of liberty would come in their thousands to ensure that Britain should be free!

Even forgetting, if you are

able, Drake and the Pilgrim Fathers, you still have hosts of other figures about you as you go through the streets, the docks and the dock-yards of Plymouth.

Most of the Elizabethan seamen sailed from here on their principal voyages: Captain Cook made this his starting point for his first voyage to Australia and New Zealand; and throughout the centuries it has been the last city of England adventurous seamen have known as they set out to seek new lands, or fight great battles, or initiate great ventures of trade.

It was to Plymouth they returned—when they did return.

RADIATIONS.

Even if it were not for these things, Plymouth would still be the centre of holiday exploration, for it is set in a beautiful countryside.

Take the short passage by the rattling ferry-boat and you are in Cornwall with its delights of sea coast and hinterland.

Go east to Kingsbridge, or north-east to Buckfastleigh with its remarkable Abbey; to Dartmeet, that idyl of honey-mooners; to Widecombe with its ghosts of Uncle Tom Cobley and All; or go north to Shaugh Prior and over Cadover Bridge to Meavy, Yelverton and Tavistock—or up on to Dartmoor itself—and you have such a vast selection of beauty, of pleasant highlands and lovely valleys that you are loath to leave each one for the next.

Plymouth men have a goodly heritage. Perhaps, sometimes in the summer, they feel that it is shared by too many people from other parts, but they know it is theirs. They are, indeed, fortunate.

Behind all this charm there is a deep purpose in Plymouth. It is one of the greatest naval stations.

To the sick-bay of Devonport go limping giants of the Fleet to be given hospital treatment which will send them off into the waters of the Seven seas again. There is always noise in the dockyards. I suppose the men employed there do something else, at times, than beating iron plates with sledge hammers—but that is what it sounds as if they are doing all the time.

When it is not the Navy steaming into the Sound it is a fleet of fishing vessels, heavy with catches to land on the docks, or cargo vessels ploughing in with valuable loads, or one of those great passenger ships arriving with sight-seers, business men and exiles.

Plymouth is not the kind of place you can get to know in a week—it is a city to enjoy on many revisittings.

PLYMOUTH STOP PRESS.

MR. JOSEPH WILTON, of St. Hilary Terrace, Beaumont Road, Plymouth, is still keep-

ing up a lifetime's hobby at the age of 90.

His hobby is—knitting.

He began the habit when in the Army, and stationed at the Isle of Wight in 1878. He's a dabster at such patterns as "fancy ribs."

HELPING YOU.

MR. ERNEST ENGLISH, secretary of Plymouth Council of Social Service, has written a little book to assist serving citizens back to civil life.

It is called "When You Come Home To Plymouth," and contains such information as to how to buy utility furniture, the addresses of local societies and associations catering for hobbies and sports, and the whereabouts of all organisations likely to be of help to a man or woman returning to "Civvy Street."

In addition it describes how the city has changed owing to bombing and what it will look like when reconstructed under the Plan.

The booklet is free on application (sending postage) to Marlborough House, Plymouth.

FLICKS.

PLYMOUTH City Council are to have three days special session during which no "business" will be transacted.

The Council will be "appearing" for the benefit of a film company, which is making a picture depicting a blitzed city and its plan for reconstruction.

The Lord Mayor and leading councillors and officials will be shot and interviewed.

WARNING.

SAILORS being demobilised at Devonport have been warned to be on their guard against black market touts offering to buy their civilian outfit, as issued in the Barracks, for £18 a time.

Of course, it's worth a lot more.

The B.M. gents are willing to throw in a suit of half-worn reach-me-downs and other oddments to temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

GARDENER.

A PLYMOUTH insurance man is just lamenting a lost quid spent in a valiant attempt to cheer up the waste lands in the bombed city.

Some time ago he bought a large quantity of mixed flower seeds and scattered them modestly by night over the blitzed sites.

He thought it would be fine if cornflowers and sweet scented stocks came up instead of docks and dandelions. Lately he's looked for the results of his "gardening."

So far nary a bloom in sight. The docks and dandelions still have it.

Creole Jo made Haywire of Napoleon

By Jack Greenall

MARIE Rose Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie was the daughter of one Joseph Tascher de la Pagerie, an artillery officer stationed in the Island of Martinique, and from all reports old man Pagerie had had a bellyful of the place. Being a Frenchman, he was missing the bright lights.

Josephine was a Creole, which means an ancestor of hers at one time went native. Jo, as we'll now call her for short (there's still a paper control), certainly had "it," for at 16 we find her slicing a wedding cake, in the main role, her hubby being the Vicomte Alexandre Beauharnais, a local big-shot, with whom she had two nippers.

Just as the Vicomte was taking everything for granted, Jo got restless (Martinique's okay-doke, but one can have too much of it), and developed a craving for the Moulin Rouge, Harry's Bar, and other Parisian high-spots.

I suppose, what with the nagging day in and day out, the Vicomte finally threw in the towel, and when next we hear of Jo, she's swanking along the Parisian boulevards like a Brownie!

It is said she caused a sensa-

tion in Parisian society, and men threw themselves at her feet. The Vicomte must have felt he was losing his grip. He was, I suppose, stuck at home like a lemon minding the two kids.

After this had been going on for a bit, the Vicomte was made head of the French army on the Rhine, but he blundered, and when you blundered during the Revolution (it was at this time) you'd done it once and for all.

They bobbed his napper on the guillotine and Jo sat back to take stock, which was now at a low ebb.

A nice state of affairs for a go-getter, thought Jo, and at once went into training. She must have put in some hearty spade-work in the interim, for in 1795 I find she's tops again and lording it as large as ever in society, with the human door-mats again strewn all over the place.

Now came Jo's big moment. She met Napoleon, a cocky little cove with indigestion, a damn silly hat, and a ruthless ambition to knock all and sundry for six!

He'd come from a bit of rock sticking up somewhere in the Mediterranean called Corsica, where they bred a tough lot, in-

cluding brigands. The British put him back on another bit of rock later on in life, but that's another story.

Corsica wasn't exactly a health resort then. One day you'd be hale and hearty with a song on your lips; the next, your corpse, or what was left of it, would be laid out for identification.

Now you know the type of bloke Jo was knocking around with.

Nap always walked about with one hand tucked inside his waistcoat, some say to ease pain in the tummy; others say Nap didn't put his trust in braces, and he was holding his trousers up. Take your choice.

Well, in spite of Nap's cut-throat background, Jo married him in 1796.

From then on his troubles began, and his hair started thinning out on top.

Two days after he'd bartered his freedom, Nap was placed in command of the army in Italy. Jo stayed on in Paris (who wouldn't?) where life was good. He wrote her sloppy letters (which she forgot to reply to) and did sterling work with the gun and bayonet.

Whether Nap had the itch or what, I don't know, but he beats me! I'm hanged if he could stay put anywhere for long. In 1798, I find, he'd picked a row with the British in Egypt, and started to chuck his weight about.

"Only in the East can one do great things," he said. Jo, meanwhile, was proving the East wasn't the only locality where great things could be done.

She was running around with a certain M. Charles, an

officer, and therefore a gentleman, or said he was.

How long the billing and cooing between these two lasted I can't say, but Nap, who'd met his match in Egypt and was thoroughly browned-off, got wind of the affair; and was his gander up!

When a Corsican's gander is up, believe me, it's time to leg it to the nearest exit; M. Charles beat the record.

After the place had been tidied up a bit and the broken furniture removed, Nap threatened Jo with divorce. She, realising now that she'd slipped a cog, and seeing the house-keeping money vanishing into thin air, turned on the water-works, begged forgiveness, swooned all over the place, clung to Nap like a limpet, and called on the late Vicomte's offsprings to back Mama up. It was a to-do! Nap could cope with whole armies but this got him down.

Anything for a quiet life, he thought, and gave in, then clapping on his silly hat went out to ease his soul with his girl friends.

Nap's relatives weren't quite so easy. The very idea of the huzzy, they said, playing fast and loose with their Nap!

Later on, the insult still rankling, Nap took it out of Jo long. In 1798, I find, he'd picked a row with the British in Egypt, and started to chuck his weight about. "Only in the East can one do great things," he said. Jo, meanwhile, was proving the East wasn't the only locality where great things could be done. She was running around with a certain M. Charles, an

You will realise by this time that when Nap went to town, he certainly went!

Jo retired to her corner to say a few hard words about Corsica and its fauna, while Nap, letting the last of the steam out of the valve, socked Germany, Austria, Russia, and all points East.

France, thinking he'd pick on her next, and looking round at the mess he'd made of the rest of Europe, crowned him Emperor, which seemed to quieten the lad down.

Jo, now a fully-fledged Empress, came out of her corner to take it out of the relatives.

Life was at last good, she thought, but Nap chuckled at her spanner into the works and de-

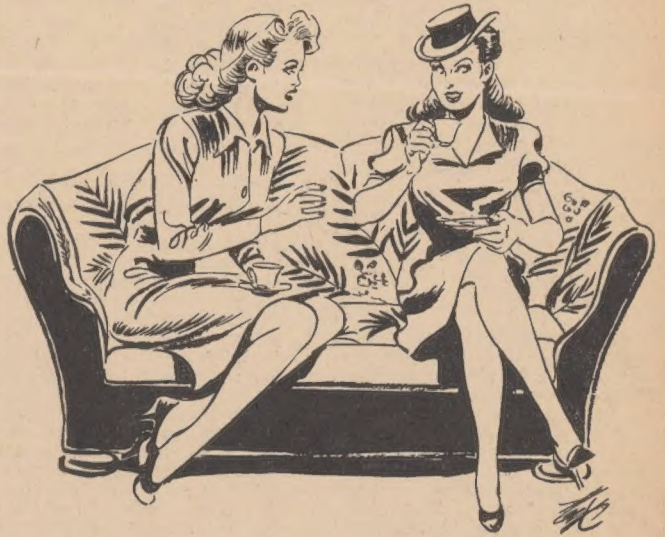
manded a son. There's always something!

Nap, junior, failed to put in an appearance, and Nap, senior, with an eye on the products of the late Vicomte, felt Jo was cheating on him, and divorced her to marry Marie Louise of Austria.

What Marie had is mere guess-work. I, for one, know she was no oil painting. I think by this time Nap was past caring.

Jo, knowing she'd had it, pulled up the stumps, left the crease, and called it a day.

But Nap's pash for Jo remained with him for the rest of his life. He often called on her at her joint outside Paris. He said he valued her tact in matters of State. Ah well!



"What's the difference between a frolic and a panic?"
"I should say about four months, dear."

QUIZ for today

1. What name is given to a flock of hawks?
2. Which cathedral has the highest spire in England?
3. What is the highest mountain in Great Britain?
4. What does "knock" mean?

in place-names like Knockholt?
5. Which is the biggest British game fish?
6. Who composed "The Magic Flute"?

Answers to Quiz
in No. 734

1. A stud of mares.
2. Chichester.
3. Snowdon.
4. Wharf.
5. Small, cup-shaped, iron head.
6. Irving Berlin.

They Gave You Honey

THE following are some of the Associations and private donors of the honey which submariners have so much appreciated:—

A. C. Waine, Esq., Hon. Sec., Warwickshire Beekeepers' Association, 185 Rednal Road, Kings Norton, Birmingham.

W. Drury, Esq., Hon. Sec., Yorkshire Beekeepers' Association (Huddersfield and District Branch), 870 Gleadless Road, Sheffield, 2.

H. L. Clapham, Esq., Hon. Sec., Yorkshire Beekeepers' Association, Beverley District, 717 Marfleet Lane, Sutton Ings, Hull.

T. Wickford Potter, Esq., Hon. Sec., Weald Branch, Kent Beekeepers' Association, Yverdon, Hawkhurst, Kent.

Miss E. Andrews, Hon. Sec., Canterbury Branch, Kent Beekeepers' Association, 55 St. Dunstan's Street, Canterbury, Kent.

J. W. Price, Esq., Hon. Sec., Gravesend Branch, Kent Beekeepers' Association, Grove Green, Weaving, Maidstone.

Miss N. Alderman, Hon. Sec., Western Division, Kent Beekeepers' Association, 40 Lionel Road, Tonbridge, Kent.

A. H. Holman, Esq., Hon. Sec., Sevenoaks Branch, Kent Beekeepers' Association, Tenby Villas, 33 London Road, Dunton Green, Sevenoaks, Kent.

S. L. Hinge, Esq., Hon. Sec., Sittingbourne and District Branch, Kent Beekeepers' Association, Chilton, 131 Bell Road, Sittingbourne, Kent.

Captain (S) G. A. Miller, R.N. (Retired), President, Fareham and District Beekeepers' Association, Uplands, Fareham.

S. W. Hubbard, Esq., Hon. Sec., Storp Beekeepers' Association, "Sandringham," Station Road, Liss, Hants.

Miss M. R. Ferguson, Hon. Sec., Hants and I.O.W. Beekeepers' Association, Southampton Branch, 36 Maybush Road, Southampton.

Mrs. M. Edmonds, Hon. Sec., Alresford and District Beekeepers' Association, Itchen Abbas, near Winchester.

Miss M. E. Tawn, Hon. Sec., Bournemouth and District Beekeepers' Association, 43 Warnford Road, Boscombe East, Bournemouth.

E. G. Nunn, Esq., Hon. Sec., Barnet and District Beekeepers' Association, 23 Little Bushey Lane, Bushey Heath, Herts.

J. B. Johnson, Esq., Hon. Sec., Sussex Beekeepers' Association, Worthing District, 39 Brighton Road, Worthing.

H. A. Pearson, Esq., Hon. Sec., Eastbourne and District Branch of Sussex Beekeepers' Association, 17 Ashburnham Road, Eastbourne.

Messrs. Evans Peacheries, Chichester Division of Sussex Beekeepers' Association, Bognor Road, Chichester.

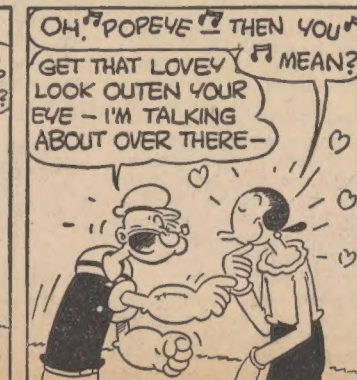
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words

No. 674

1. Behead a direction and get a newt.
2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of: ookatthosseevenyeowamps.
3. What light meal can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The local branch of the training — trampled down all the farmer's —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 673

1. F-ore.
2. Do dig a drain down the side of the garden.
3. KENT, FLINT.
4. Scorn, corns.

JANE

An Island is Born

CREWS of submarines cruising in the China Sea between the coast of Siam and the Philippines will have the opportunity of seeing two islands which are only a few years old.

In a word, they will see the beginnings of what in the future may develop into tropical paradises.

These two islands are situated just north of Borneo.

The first view of something happening far below the surface of that warm sea was had by Captain Horikawa, of the Japanese ship, "Wakasa-Maru," but it was a British ship that soon came on the scene and established the throw-up of new land.

The "Wakasa-Maru" was on a voyage between Hong Kong and Singapore, when, at 3 p.m. on March 2nd, 1923, she was passing Pulo Cicer de Mer

peak at a distance of about seven miles. The second officer reported white smoke ascending from the sea on the port bow.

By Marcus Delinger

Thinking that it may have been a tanker on fire, the course was altered; but as the ship drew near it was obvious that this was no ship on fire, but the sea on fire.

Accordingly, the Jap ship turned away, but observations showed a long cloud of grey smoke ascending, and with it came clouds of dust and ash. Then water and ash fell all around like heavy rain. It was the outpouring of a submarine volcano.

The Jap captain took a photograph of the strange occurrence, but he did not know that on his heels was coming H.M.S. "Carlisle," commanded by Captain Dickens. The "Carlisle" reached the spot a day or two later, when certain changes had taken place.

First, at 11 o'clock in the morning, a vast column of smoke was seen when the ship was about 45 miles off. Steaming towards it, the crew of the "Carlisle" saw pure white vapour floating upwards in great clouds.

On the surface of the sea the vapour was sooty-grey, shading into black, and the upper clouds rose to a height of nearly two thousand feet.

VIEW OF CREATION.

The "Carlisle" closed in, and then it was observed that under the sooty smoke on the sea there was a long, low, black

shade that was land. The sextant showed that this new island was nearly 1,000 yards long.

Soundings were taken as the ship approached, but the sea showed no change from the expected depths. Nor did the temperature of the sea show any change.

Muffled explosions could be heard, and even as the ship's company watched the island grew bigger and bigger, and became shaped like a horse-shoe. At one end it rose 800 feet above the water, at the opposite end it was much higher, but while the south-east side sloped gradually into the sea, the west side fell away perpendicularly.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the rumblings ceased abruptly.

The birth had taken place; and it was not one island, but twins, although the second one was much smaller than the first.

The "Carlisle" remained in the vicinity until nightfall. There was no flame ever seen,

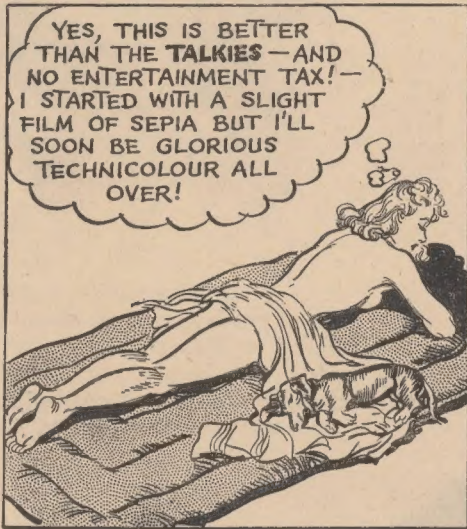
no lightning, no fire of any kind. No debris floated on the sea, but for miles there was a yellow tint to the water, and a patch of floating matter of the same colour.

As a result of this unusual sight the Admiralty issued later a Notice to Mariners, and sent out a survey ship, the "Iroquois," to establish the situation.

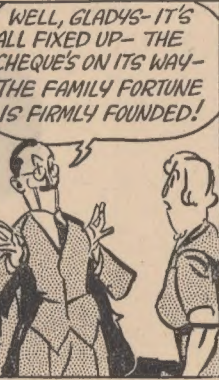
The "Iroquois" reported that the island was now several miles long, and lay nearly nine miles north-east of Round Island. The bigger island had grown higher, and the volcano had become active again; but the fireworks soon died down.

A report which was made just before the present war stated that the island, and its smaller companion, had assumed something of the appearance of other islands in the China Sea.

There was evidence of vegetation, and it may be that before long it will have developed to quite interesting conditions.



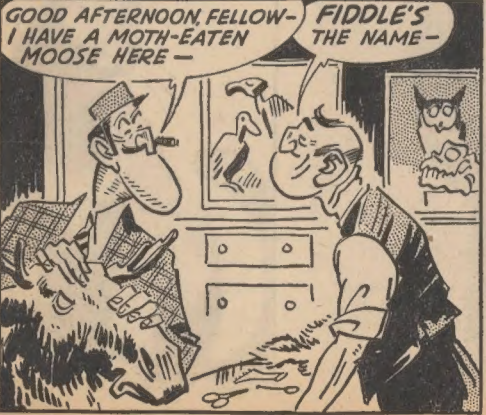
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Meet Mrs. Lee

MEET Moon Beam. Meet Precious Jewel. Meet Mrs. Lee.

What? Getting confused? Oh, they're all one and the same person, and a very charming person at that.

She's the twenty-two-years-old, good-looking wife of Mr. Lee Mong Ping, formerly an attache at the Chinese Consulate in London, and now working hard for a Ph.D. degree at the London School of Economics.

Lots of people met Mrs. Lee, whose full names are above. In Piccadilly the other day, when clad in a magnificent Chinese costume, she acted as a flag-day girl.

She didn't have any trouble getting rid of trays full of those bits of pasteboard and pins.

I know one bloke who drove his car thirteen times round the Eros site to make sure she really looked as good as he thought she did the first twelve times.

Epstein made a bust of her, for which he asked 1,000 guineas.

But that isn't all. She's beautiful, but she doesn't mind hard work, and at the moment she's studying shorthand, typing and book-keeping at a secretarial college so as to help her husband in his work.

They're going back to China soon, with regrets on both sides.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

C	L	O	D	S	T	E	R	M	S
H	O	N	O	U	R	L	O	U	T
A	L	I	C	E	C	A	U	S	E
S	L	O	T	B	A	N	G	L	E
E	N	O	T	E	D	H	I	P	
G	R	O	V	E	S	N			
B	E	G	D	E	T	E	R		
A	N	I	M	A	L	C	A	S	H
R	E	L	A	T	E	T	U	D	O
O	V	E	R	M	A	R	I	N	E
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CLUES ACROSS.—1 Stuff. 5 Pulp. 9 Radiation. 10 Had on. 12 Sloven. 13 Wine. 15 Shy. 17 Astern. 18 Branch. 20 Shy. 21 Past. 23 Jacket. 25 Fellow. 27 Decoration. 29 Choir member. 31 Wild ass. 33 Straw hat. 35 Centre. 36 Upset. 38 Pilfered. 39 Equals.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Threw. 2 Judicial decision. 3 Wild plant. 4 Theme. 5 Scot. 6 Mop. 7 Boy's name. 8 Trivial. 11 One out to improve. 14 Crimson. 16 Girl's name. 19 Account. 21 Man of East. 22 Size of page. 24 Cab. 26 Big inn. 28 Edible plant. 30 Spoil. 32 Travelled. 34 Before. 37 Erect.

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND.

A thatched cottage stands by the slowly sliding stream. A fish rises to a hovering fly, and the surface of the stream breaks in a thousand ripples. The great trees that crowd up to the cottage walls and keep it snug and sheltered in winter now hang motionless, mirrored in the sunlit water. This cottage by the stream is near the village of Lake, in Wiltshire.



STARLET SOFTSOAPS YOUSE GUYS.

It's our experience that soap suds eventually burst—and we did have the notion of hanging around a bit on the off-chance that we should see more of blonde and lovely Evelyn Keyes. Then our Film Bloke said they were unburstable bubbles, everlasting foam, so, swallowing our sorrow, we crept out of the office for a quick one.

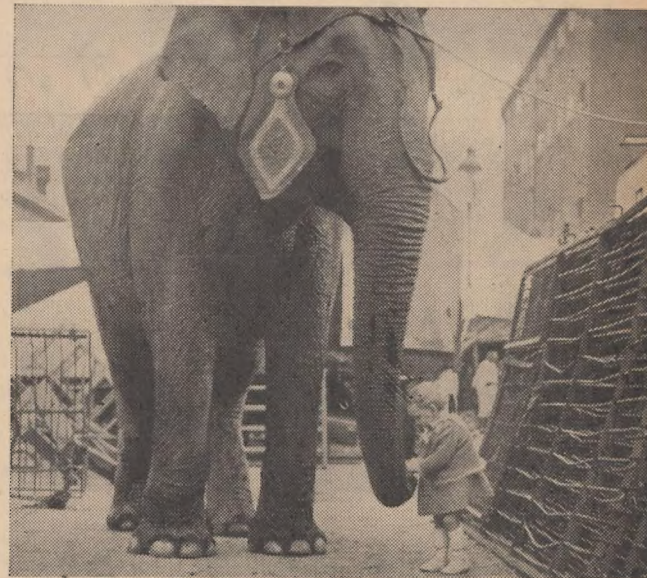


CYCLING IN THE SKY.

The latest stunt of a troupe of trick cyclists—performed 100 feet above the ground—made even the citizens of Miami, Florida, open their eyes in wonderment. We looked—and proclaimed it easy. Then we noticed that the bicycle at the back had no bell—and we decided that it was too risky!



"A FILM CAREER OR BUST!" said Southern beauty Maria Montez, when she went to Hollywood.



TRUNK CALL.

"Say, young fellow me-lad, you're supposed to speak into the instrument, not push marbles into it."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Looks to me as though she got both!"

